



GREENVILLE ARMY FLYING SCHOOL
GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI

3-26-44

Dear Folks,

"Six days shalt thy labor, but
remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

Well it worked out that way this
week but the weather man had to see
to it. We went to the flight line this
morning but a low pressure area was
moving in so they called flying off. I
was in the airplane with my instructor
and had taxied out to the take off strip for
my last acrobatic ^{ride} when the weather man
spoke up.

I think I promised or mentioned in my
last letter that I would tell you when
I started the glamor stuff. Well I started
and practically finished all of it this week.

That is I finished all of it except my instrument flying which includes blind flying, night flying and instrument cross country. I haven't even started any of these yet. I want to mention here while I'm thinking about it, glider flying is just like all the rest of it, just plain old work.

What I have done is cross country aerobatics and formation. My cross country is the thing to write home about. The second one from Greenville to Gainesville, Miss to Yazoo City, Miss and return was all night but my first one from Greenville to Eldorado, Ark. to Tallulah, La. and return wasn't so good. I thought I was lost but I wasn't. Hate to hear that, if I really had of been off course it wouldn't have been so bad but I got worried over nothing. The trouble was I couldn't find my first check point so I thought to myself, shoot if I'm off course ~~course~~ at my first check point the wind must have changed so there is no telling how far I'll be off



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when I get to El Dorado. So I started out to find the village of Jerome just so I could find out how far I had drifted so I could make corrections in my compass heading to compensate for ~~my~~ the wind drift. It turned out that I was directly over Jerome at that precise moment and just couldn't identify it from the map. I flew from one town to the other trying to determine my location but no soap. So as a last resort I buzzed a couple of towns. I found out what they were, located myself, discovered I hadn't drifted, and then continued on my way. I should have gotten lost now than once because buzzing the towns to locate yourself is ~~really~~ really fun. The townspeople really gasp when you fly over at 300 feet with your ~~own~~ engine really roaring. You don't have

much time to look at the people change
because the name of town on the R.R. station
passes by pretty fast. Enough hell slizing.
Any how I got back even if I was an
hour and a half late. The Captain said
if you get lost and get back I'll give you
credit, if you get lost and don't get
back I'll give you hell. Some of the boys
didn't get back, and besides getting hell
they also got a check ride, and two of them
got eliminated. I guess its a pretty good
thing I found myself huh?

my ~~the~~ acrobatics and formation flying
was uneventful so I went ramble about
them. Any way I am about through with
flying except for instruments so when I
finish there is about 2 weeks I'll have
a week off so Papa you hold off coming
to see me until then. I'll advise you
as to details ~~later~~ later on. Before I quit
one interesting news item. ~~There is~~
J.C. Little is laying a pipe line through
here. I may get to see him if I do I'll
tell you.

Its bed time,
Love, Joe